MARVEL
VENOM
10
WAY
MEDINA
VLASCO
RUN
PART 5
PM 03
&
VLASCO
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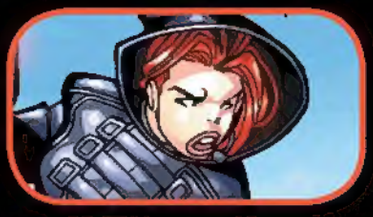
Patricia Robertson

"The Suit"

Frankie


Vic

Wolverine

PREVIOUSLY...

The worst has happened.

Venom, an alien parasite that feeds voraciously upon its hosts, ultimately killing them, has bonded with Wolverine, a mutant whose body continually regenerates itself. Effectively, Venom will never have to look for another host again. Effectively, Venom cannot die. There is nothing more in this world that the alien needs...only what it wants.

And it wants Robertson. It doesn't need her...it wants her. Her fear. Her screams. Her fighting spirit drowned in blackness. And why?

Because it's fun.

There's no one left to help her—The Suit has been cut to pieces by Venom's newly acquired adamantium claws. Her only chance of survival is The Suit's mysterious cell phone and the "collar"—a cybernetic device worn by Frankie and Vic which will theoretically allow her to control Venom in the event that she becomes possessed—which The Suit grafted to her skull while she was unconscious. But the phone didn't do much to protect The Suit...and Venom isn't looking to possess her. Oops.

And that's when Frankie and Vic showed up.

Again.

Writer
Daniel Way

Penciler
Paco Medina

Inker
Juan Vlasco

Colorist
Guru eFX

Letterer
Cory Petit

Cover Artist
Paco Medina

Editor
John Miesegaes

Executive Editor
Axel Alonso

Editor In Chief
Joe Quesada

Publisher
Dan Buckley

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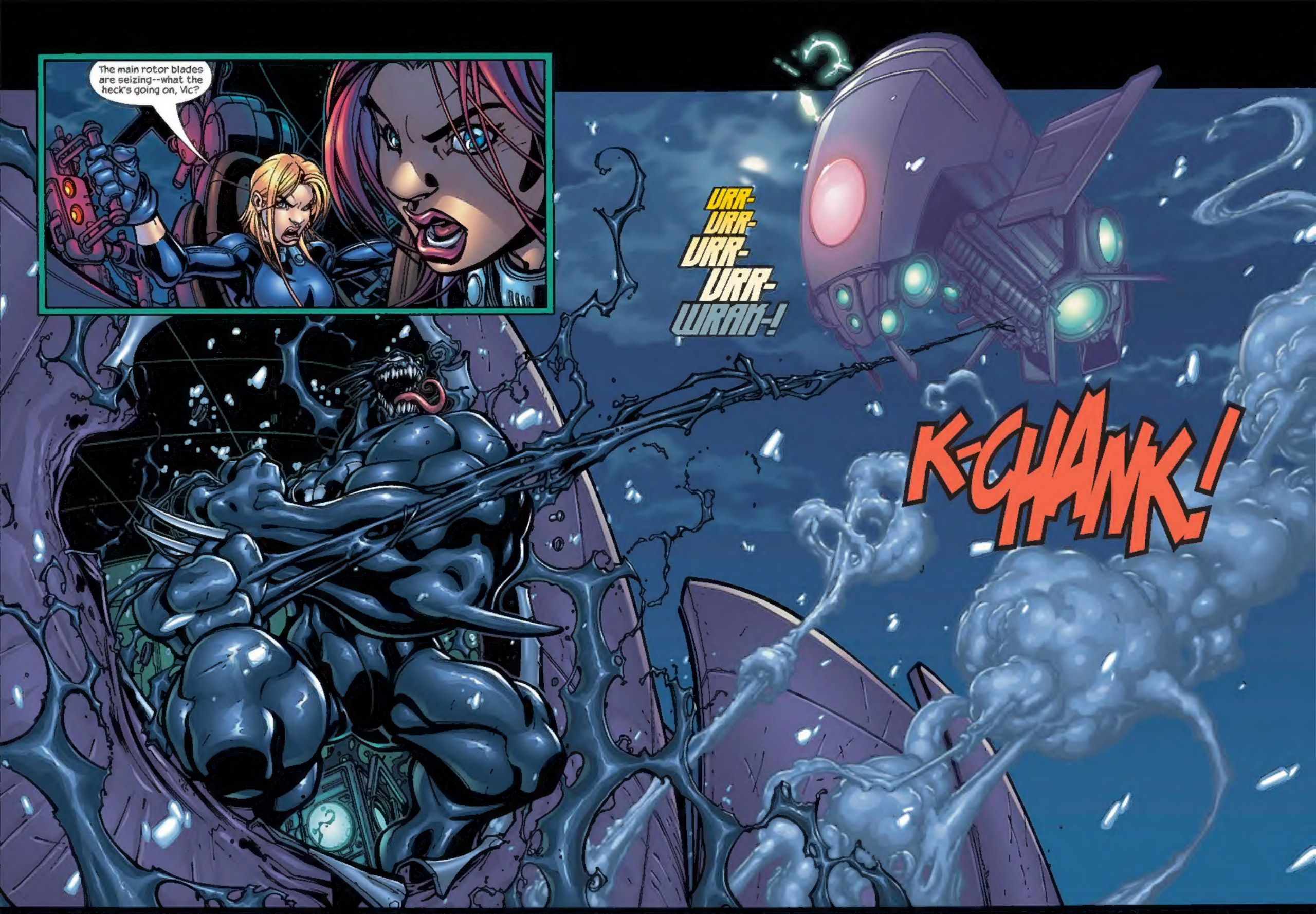
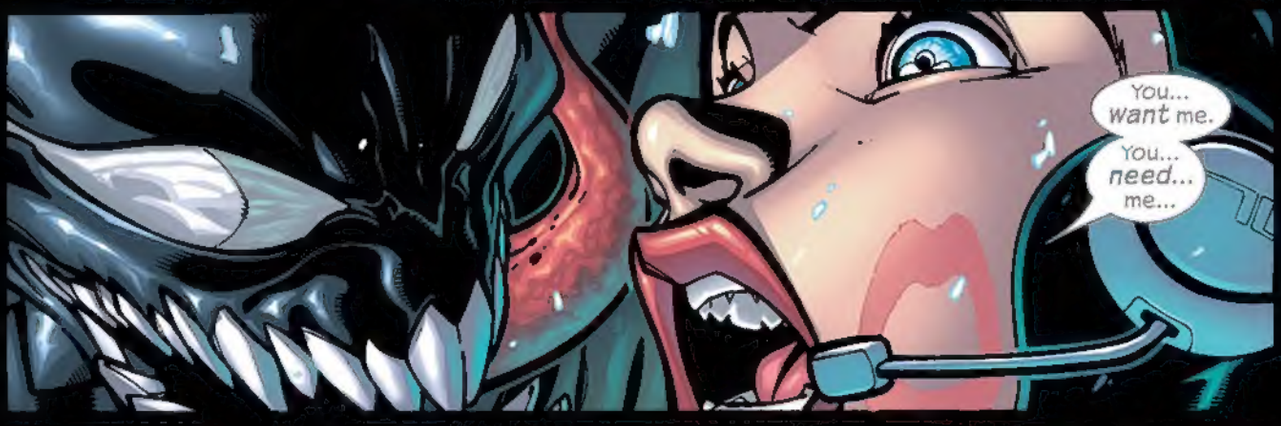

The main rotor blades are seizing--what the heck's going on, Vic?
URR-URR-URR-URR-URRR-!
K-CHANK!

Control, this is Frankie: It's ripping us apart!
We're going down!
I dumped the fuel tanks-- let's go, Frankie! Assume crash positions!
Control, this is Frankie-- do you copy?!
This is control-- do you still have a visual on the target? Over.
Do we still have a--?!
OhmyGod...

KRRUNK
KKKKRRRR!
My God, Vic...did you see it?
It was so...
...beautiful. More than I ever dreamed it would be!
I know, Frankie...I know.

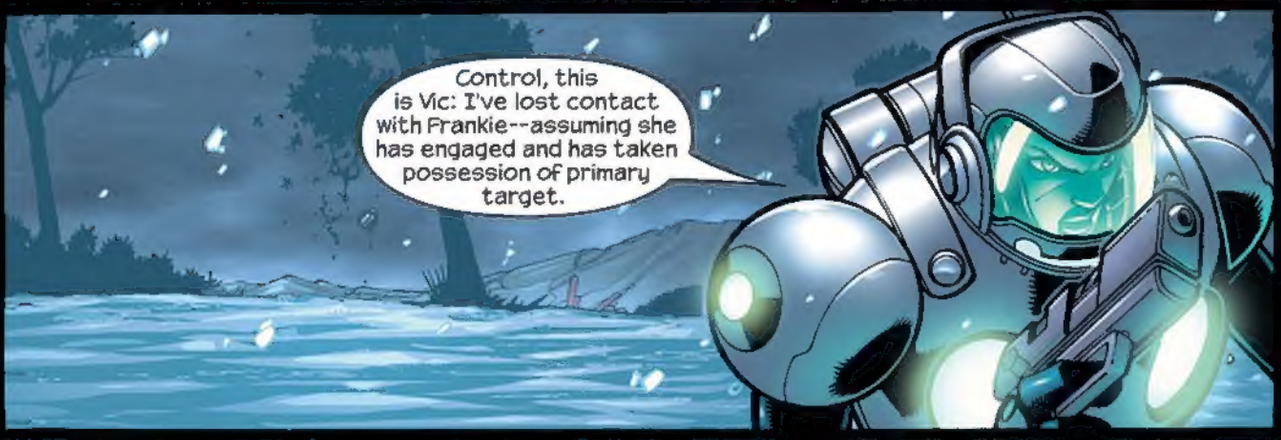
The scanner was destroyed in the crash--it'll take over three hours to charge the back-up...
We don't have that kind of time--*control* wants us to complete our objectives and get outta here in a hurry.
Whichever one of us *doesn't* engage the primary target goes after the prisoner--*agreed?*
Agreed. I hope it chooses *you*, Frankie.
Oh, Vic...
I mean it.
You always looked better in black, anyway...
Vicky... *thank you...*
Just don't tell *control* that I said that, okay? He might take it the wrong way.
The *rad levels* seem to be within tolerable parameters... do you think these suits are *necessary?*
I know, I know...they're not very *sexy*, but why take any more chances than we have to, right?
...
Frankie?
Frankie--*where are you?*

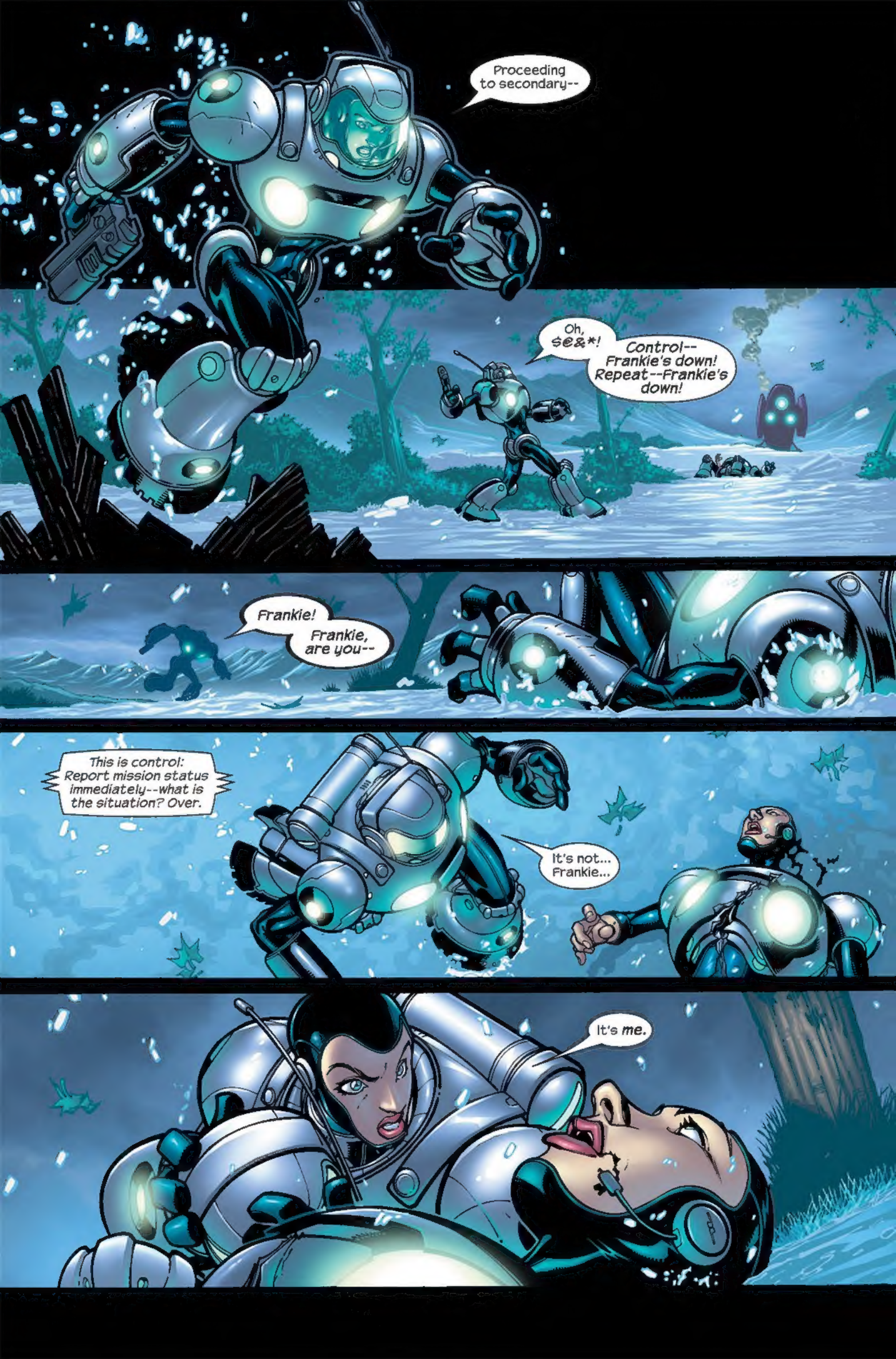
Take... me...


You... want me.
You... need... me...

NO...
SNIKT!

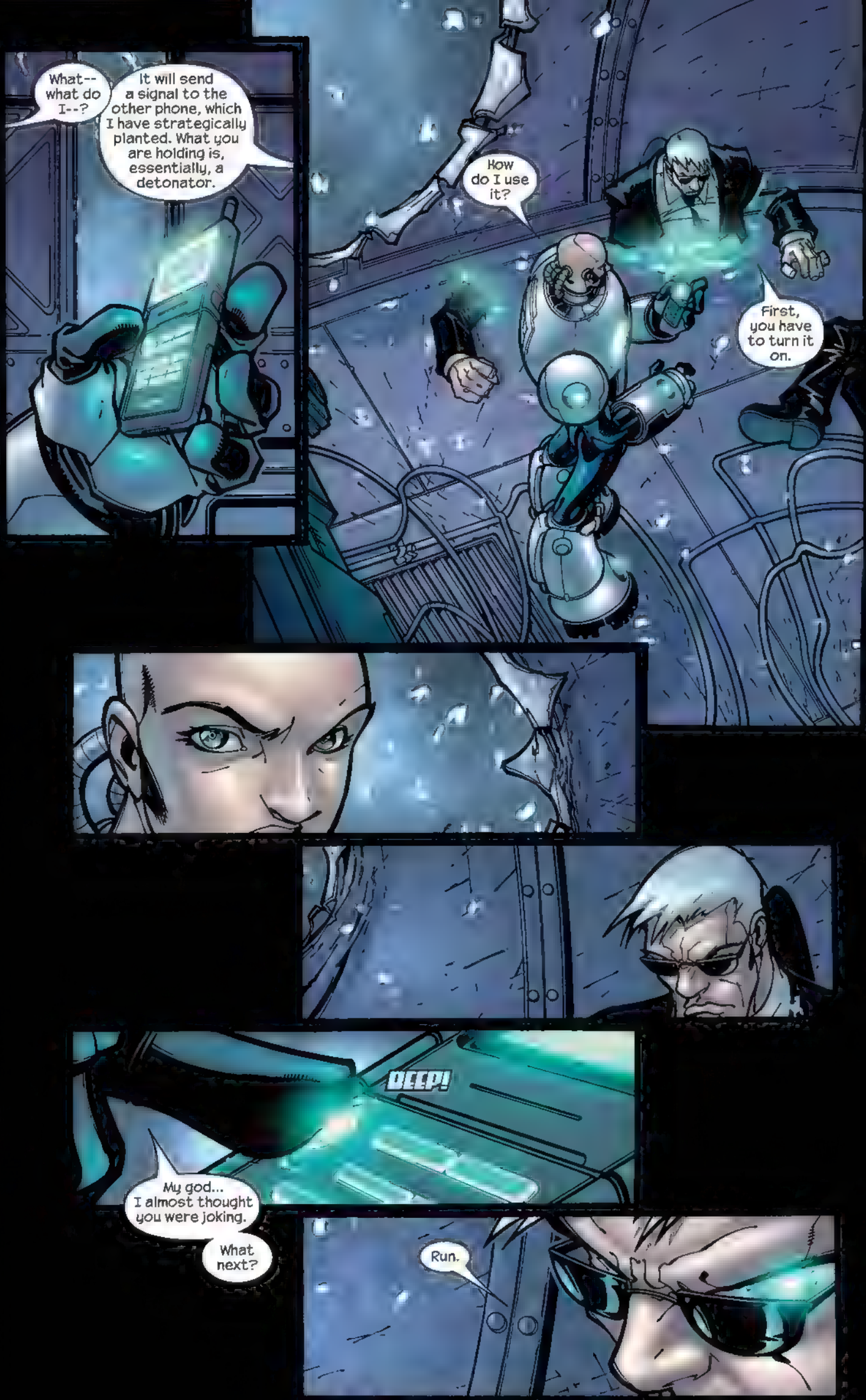
...I DON'T.
SWUKK!


Control, this is Vic: I've lost contact with Frankie--assuming she has engaged and has taken possession of primary target.


Proceeding to secondary--
Oh, $@&*!
Control-- Frankie's down! Repeat--Frankie's down!
Frankie!
Frankie, are you--
This is control: Report mission status immediately--what is the situation? Over.
It's not... Frankie...
It's me.

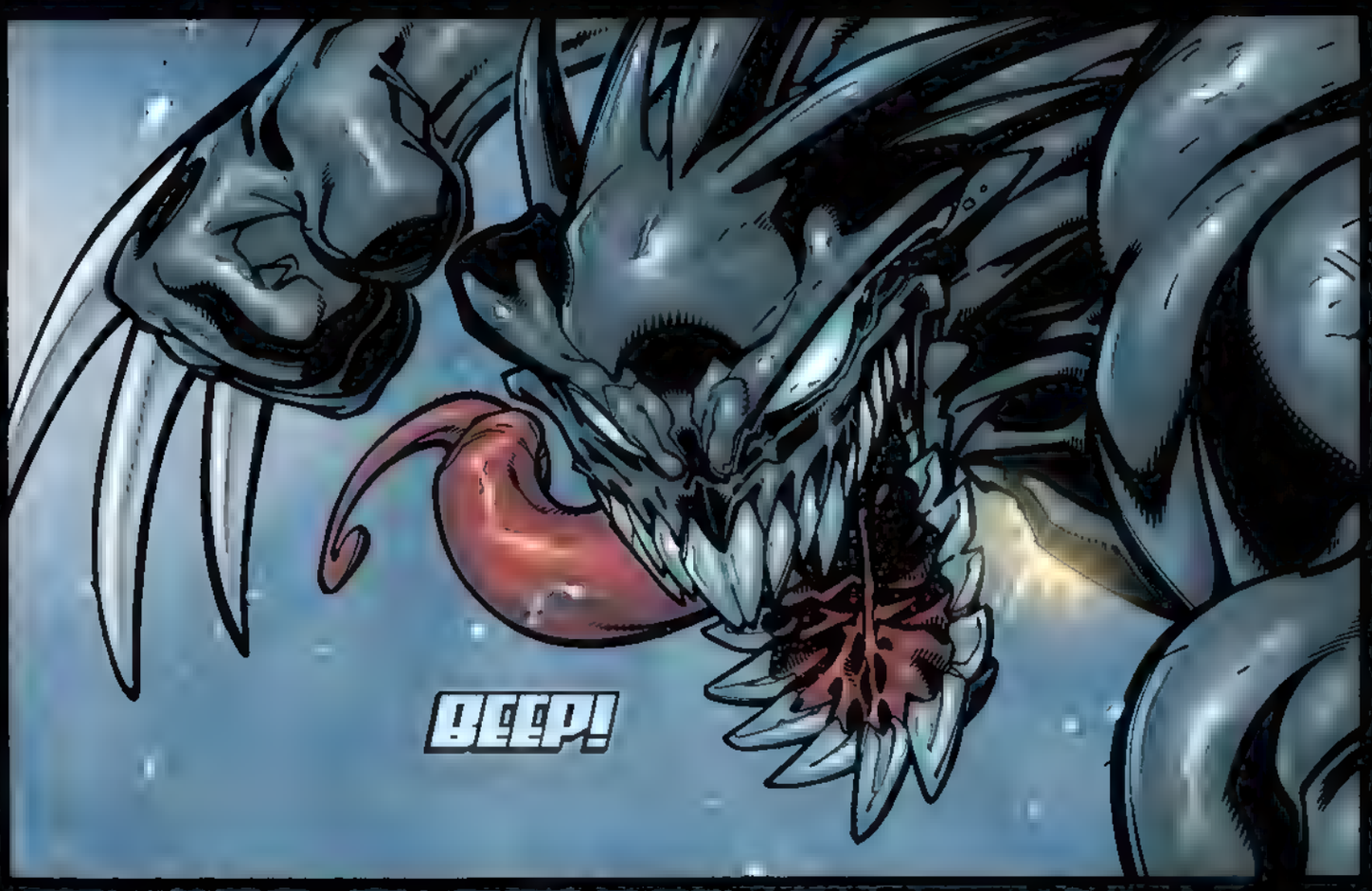
Control to Vic: disregard your findings and proceed to secondary objective. This is a direct order.
You... lied to us.
You said we were special... that you wouldn't make any more clones because we were perfect.
How many of us are there?
Repeat: proceed to secondary--
No.
We believed in you and you lied to us.
You used us to create hell on earth by promising that we'd walk in heaven by your side.
Now I see that that would never have happened.
CLICK
Now I see that my destiny lies here.

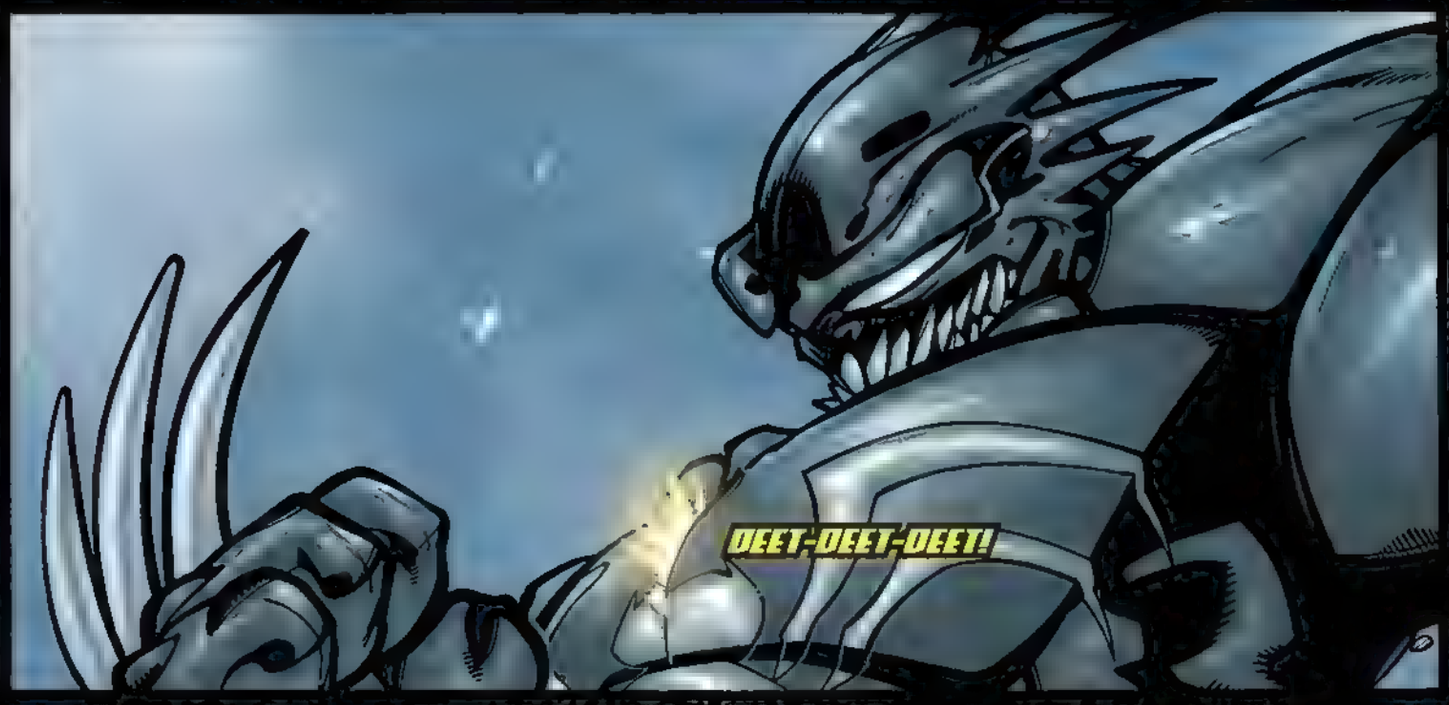
BLAM!
DANGER: EXPLOSIVES
KLANG! KLANG!
Those grenades will prove ineffective.
I have manufactured a new "phone".
Get it.

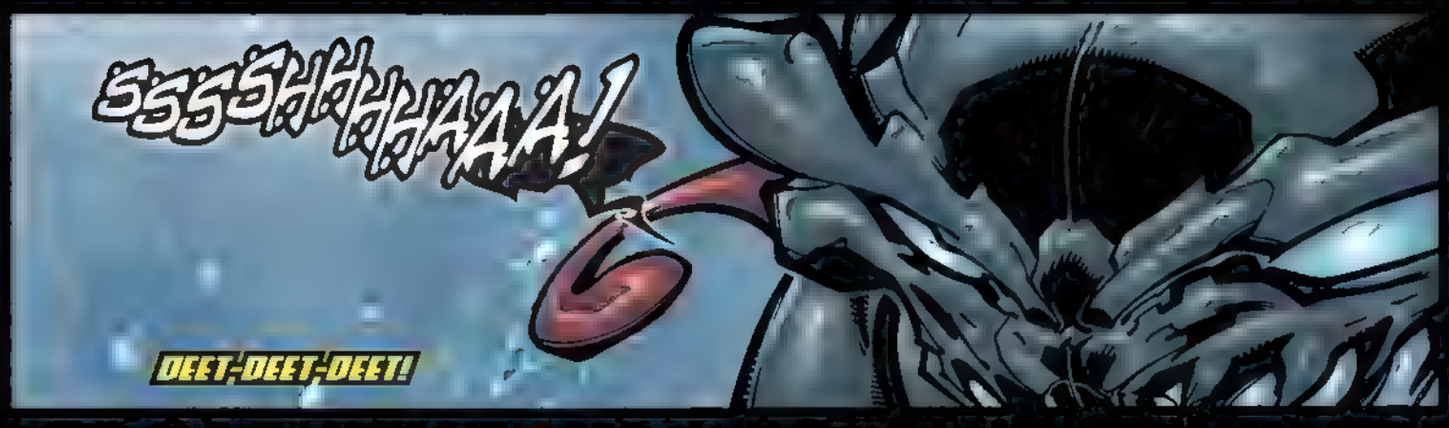

What-- what do I--?
It will send a signal to the other phone, which I have strategically planted. What you are holding is, essentially, a detonator.
How do I use it?
First, you have to turn it on.
DEEP!
My god... I almost thought you were joking.
What next?
Run.

Immediately.

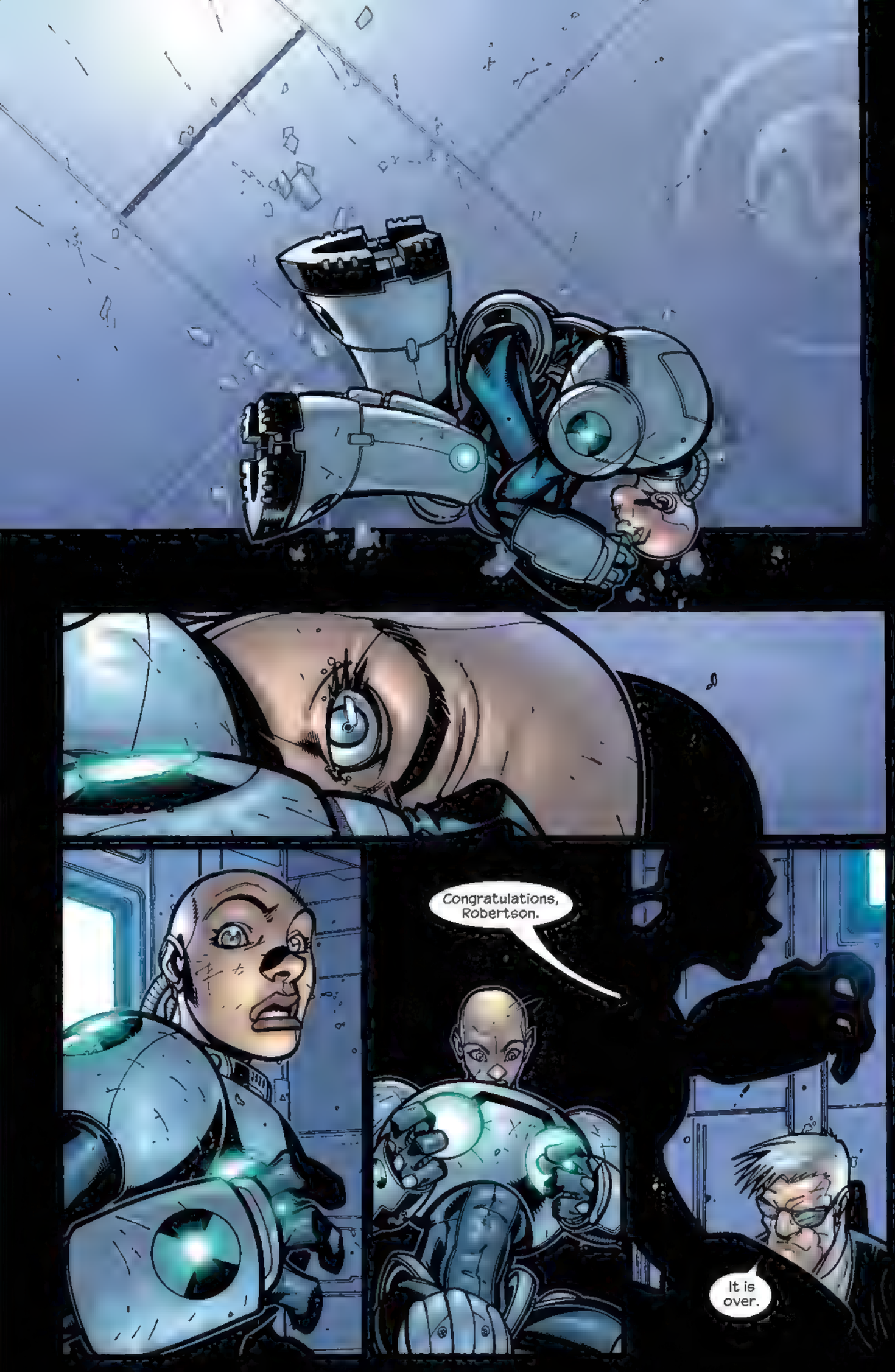
AAAHH!
SLASH!
BEEP!
BEEP!
GAK!
Robertson--listen to me: press "redial," "one" and "send".
SLLLKK


BEEP!


DEET-DEET-DEET!


SSSHHHHAAA!
DEET-DEET-DEET!

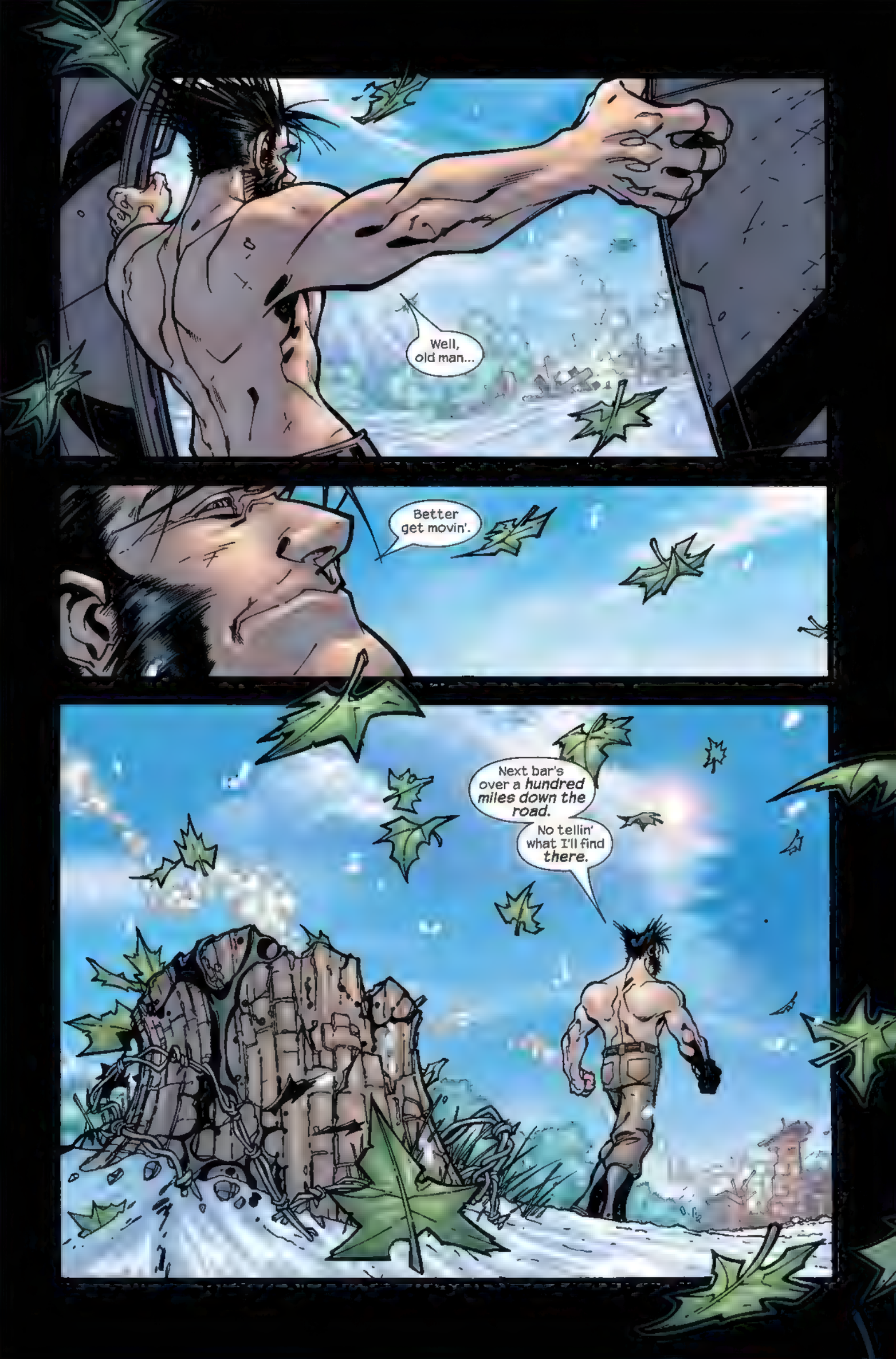
KKKZZZTT
Can you...
...hear me now?
Good.


Congratulations, Robertson.
It is over.

...It is understandable that you are traumatized by these events, even though the *control device* which I grafted to your skull removed any possibility that the creature would assume control of your body.
It still could've killed me.
Granted.
Once I am whole, I will remove the device. It will be painless.
No.
It stays.
KRAK!
IT'S THE ONLY WAY I CAN CONTROL IT.

IT'S THE ONLY WAY I CAN STOP IT.

AAHH!
Sunnuva...
...Booby-trapped me...
Heh...
Should'a thought'a that myself...


Well, old man...
Better get movin'.
Next bar's over a hundred miles down the road.
No tellin' what I'll find there.

Buffalo, New York: Eighteen Days Later.
Hi, uh... Jack? Jack Mitchell?
Uh... yeah--who is this?
BUFFALO, NEW YORK
332-354
MILO'S
It's Trish-- we went out together our freshman year of high school, remember?
Do...do you remember where my mother lives?
Holy... Trish Robertson?
Yeah, Jack. It's me.
I need you to get a message to my mom and tell her that... I have to do something very important--but that I'm okay. Will you--?
Look, Trish-- some guys came by here asking about you... I think they were FBI. What's going--?
They weren't FBI, Jack--and if they come back, don't try to lie and say I haven't contacted you, understand?
Just...please tell my mom I'm okay. I'm sorry about this, Jack--you were always a good guy.
But--!
CLICK

She's made contact, sir--a man named Jack Mitchell from her hometown. She's trying to get a message to her mother.
And the message?

"I have to do something very important."
Yes. Yes, she does.

Frankie is tracing the call back, sir--we should have a location momentarily.
Shall I activate one of the sleeper cells?
No, don't bother... I don't want to slow her down.

Sir--?
Keep monitoring the situation, Victoria--that is all. ÷klik÷

Finally...

Finally, we can end this...
END?

EMPIRE